

Sunbathing Review

FALL, 1957

ONE DOLLAR

SPLIT-UP PIN-UP

Is she Diane Webber
or Marguerite Empey?

NUDIST QUEENS
NEED GLAMOR
"PLUS"



Special
Treat For

Conventioneers





ON THE COVER

Britain's 25-year-old Adrienne Scott is probably the Ile du Levant's most famous "regular." Three months each year she spends on the nudist island in the Mediterranean off the southern coast of France. There French photographer Roland Carré shot her nude mood for our cover. The rest of the time the petite blue-eyed blonde makes a living at "Crazy Horse" cabaret in Paris, where striptease is considered art.

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Sunbathing Review



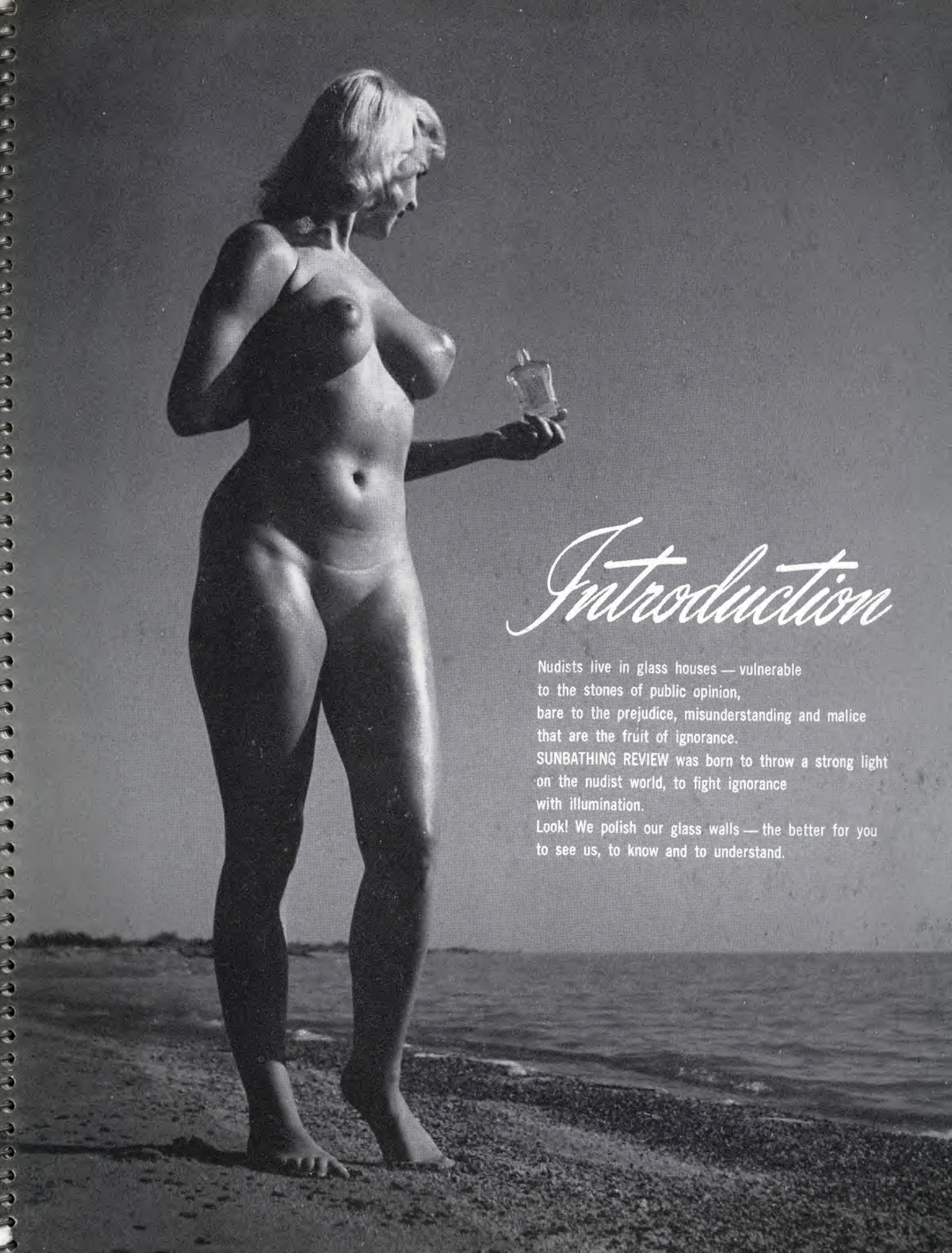
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Introduction

Nudists live in glass houses — vulnerable to the stones of public opinion, bare to the prejudice, misunderstanding and malice that are the fruit of ignorance.

SUNBATHING REVIEW was born to throw a strong light on the nudist world, to fight ignorance with illumination.

Look! We polish our glass walls — the better for you to see us, to know and to understand.

*Array of nudist femininity
shows their queens have glamor plus—
and it's a "plus" that counts.*

GIRLS THAT WON THE WEST

Photos by ED LANGE

FOR A COUNTRY that downed a monarch a few decades ago, the U. S. is surprisingly devoted to the "queen" tradition. There are queens all over the place—queens of TV, movies and burlesque; dairy queens, cherry queens and queens of county fairs. And nudist queens, too. But to get into nudism's hall of fame takes more than glamor. You'll spot that "plus" on the following pages.

The women of the west who have rated the "queen" accolade over the past 10 years form a varied group: one was a girl of 12, another a grandmother; one was a redhead with milk-fair skin and some were brunettes tanned as dark as saddle leather. One was chosen during her first month as a nudist and another had been a nudist since infancy.

Some of the queens of former years have dropped from nudist life, but most of them are still to be found in nudist parks along the west coast, *SUNBATHING REVIEW* rounded up as many as we could find—queens, princesses and runners-up—and we've thrown in a king for good measure. ♦



1949



two little maids . . .

In 1949 American Sunbathing Association met for annual convention in Denver at camp of Colorado Sunshine Club. Twins Elma and Wilma licked all competition, then judges faced making final queen selection. They rubbed their noses, scratched their heads and pulled their beards, then risked unheard-of move, picked twins for twin queens.



1950-1951



it's only
a paper crown



Loretta, 1950 national queen, now active member of Squaw Mountain Ranch (Portland, Ore.) and her husband Ron have played championship volley ball with northwest teams for many years. Right, Queen Lorraine and King Jerry ruled Northwest Sunbathing Association in 1951. Still active, they now belong to fast-growing Willamettans group of south Oregon.



Queen Clarisse, 1951 choice of Western Sunbathing Association, won title at Oak Leaf Ranch. Then she worked in aircraft plant, but has since turned into busy housewife, mother of two children and member of Los Angeles' Pacificans.



1952





English war bride Irene (facing page) crossed over from Canadian Border Tans to steal march on U. S. queen contestants in 1952 Northwest Sunbathing Association competition. An auburn-haired, milky-complexioned beauty, she paired up with King Lee, a scene-stealer in his own right.

a banner year

At sunset Rancho (Homeland, Calif.) western regional set record for best-attended meeting of 1952. Future years were to bring troublesome reorganization, but in 1952 youthful, enthusiastic westerners were able to ignore gathering storm clouds. They had plenty of pulchritude, male and female, from which to choose "royalty".

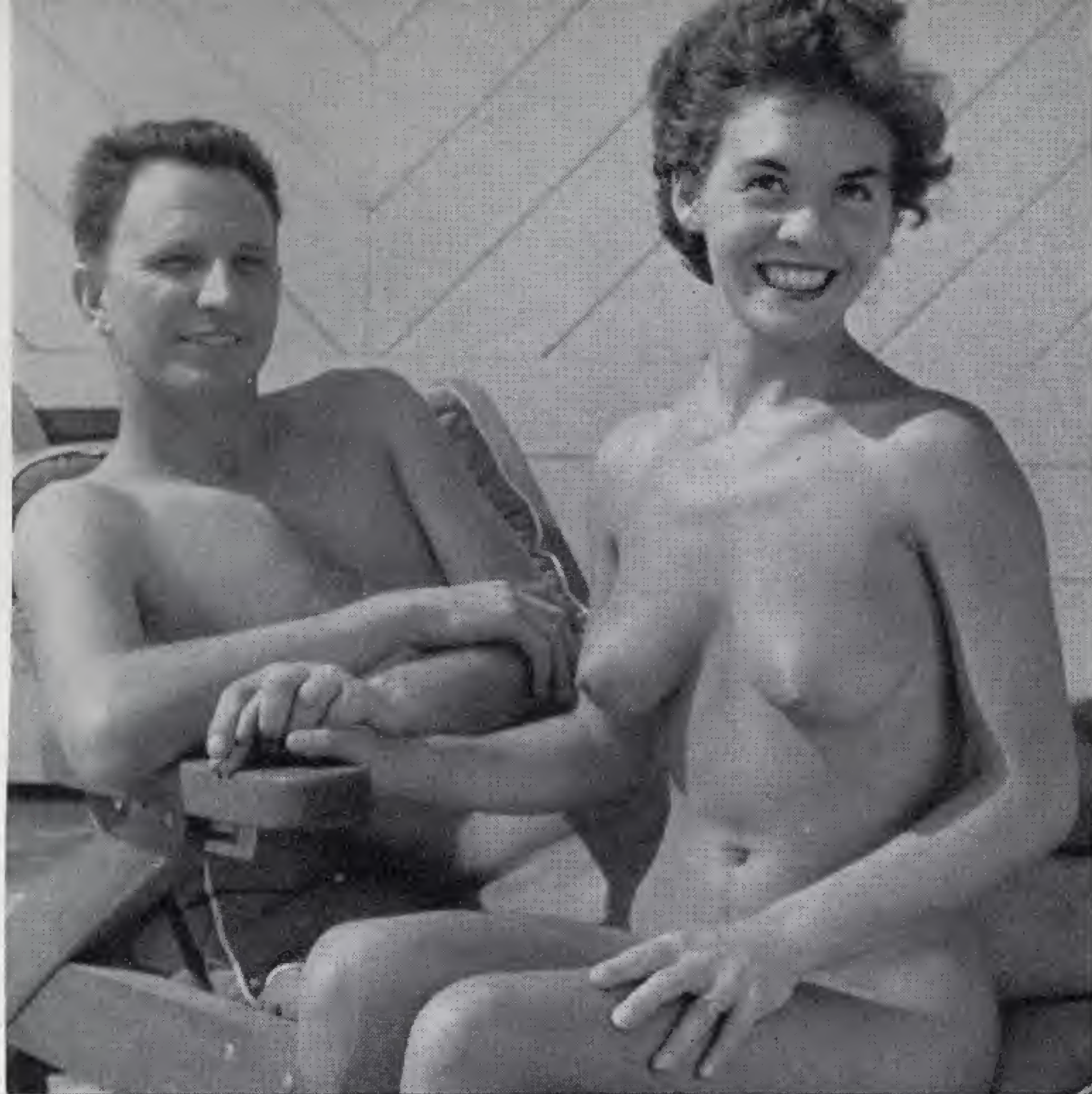


1952

Cinderella
story . . .



Shirley in 1952 walked the narrow line between childhood and womanhood, attending western regional convention with her parents who were members of Oakdale Ranch (San Bernardino, Calif.). Judges and audience acclaimed her princess that year and photographer caught both ages of her budding beauty. Now married, she, husband and son make second home at Oakdale.



brief encounter

Joan won queen's crown at Sunset Rancho. Shown here with one of many contenders for her tiny hand, she wound up married to non-nudist, disappeared from nudist scene. She keeps in touch, however, and recently announced advent of new baby.



1952

a king for good measure





King Glen followed rise to western regional royalty with turn in U. S. Army in Korea. On return he married Wilma (making her queen by marriage?). With their two youngsters, they now are part of Oakdale Ranch younger set.

1953

youth will out . . .



ASA Queen Marguerite (facing page), husband and baby were Oakdale members, have since joined Pacificans and now are trying non-nudist summer "just to see what it's like".



Insistent young son makes this most memorable picture of western regional Queen Joy. She and husband Jeff belong to Sierratans, Bishop, Calif.



At 12, Queen Myra of Northwest Sunbathing Association was one of youngest nudists ever selected. Still a member of Cobblestone Lodge (Yelm, Wash.) she is today a beautiful teen-ager.



1954



produce of California

Bebe, Western Sunbathing Association queen for 1954, belongs to Oakdale Ranch. She and husband Doyle joined after reading about 1953 national convention in newspapers. They've been nudists ever since, week-ending in neat trailer that also houses their tiny Mexican hairless dog.





Queen Anne reigned at first WSA Fall Festival held at now-defunct Rancho San Bexar. She had to work for title, competing both in nude and dressed (an innovation that lasted only that year). She and her husband are now members of the club-crawling Pacificans of Los Angeles.



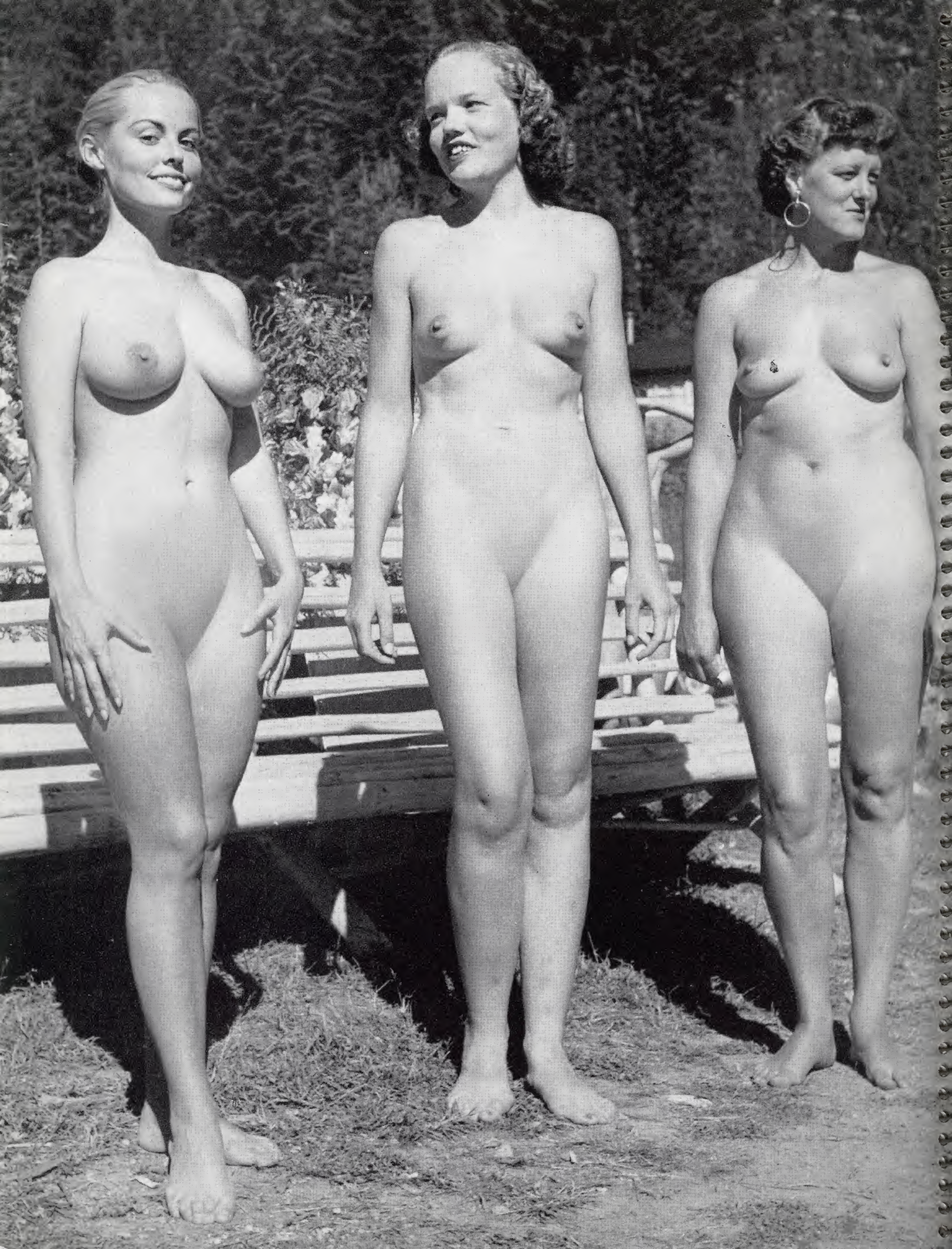
1955



more than passing fair . . .

First woman to serve on ASA Board of Trustees, Northwest's Ruth was elected to that post by convention she ruled as queen. Opposite page, receiving Western Sunbathing Association trophy from Bebe is Queen Pat who had been a nudist less than a month when chosen. This was rare tribute to her popularity, bearing and talent as composer and pianist, all displayed during meet.





1955

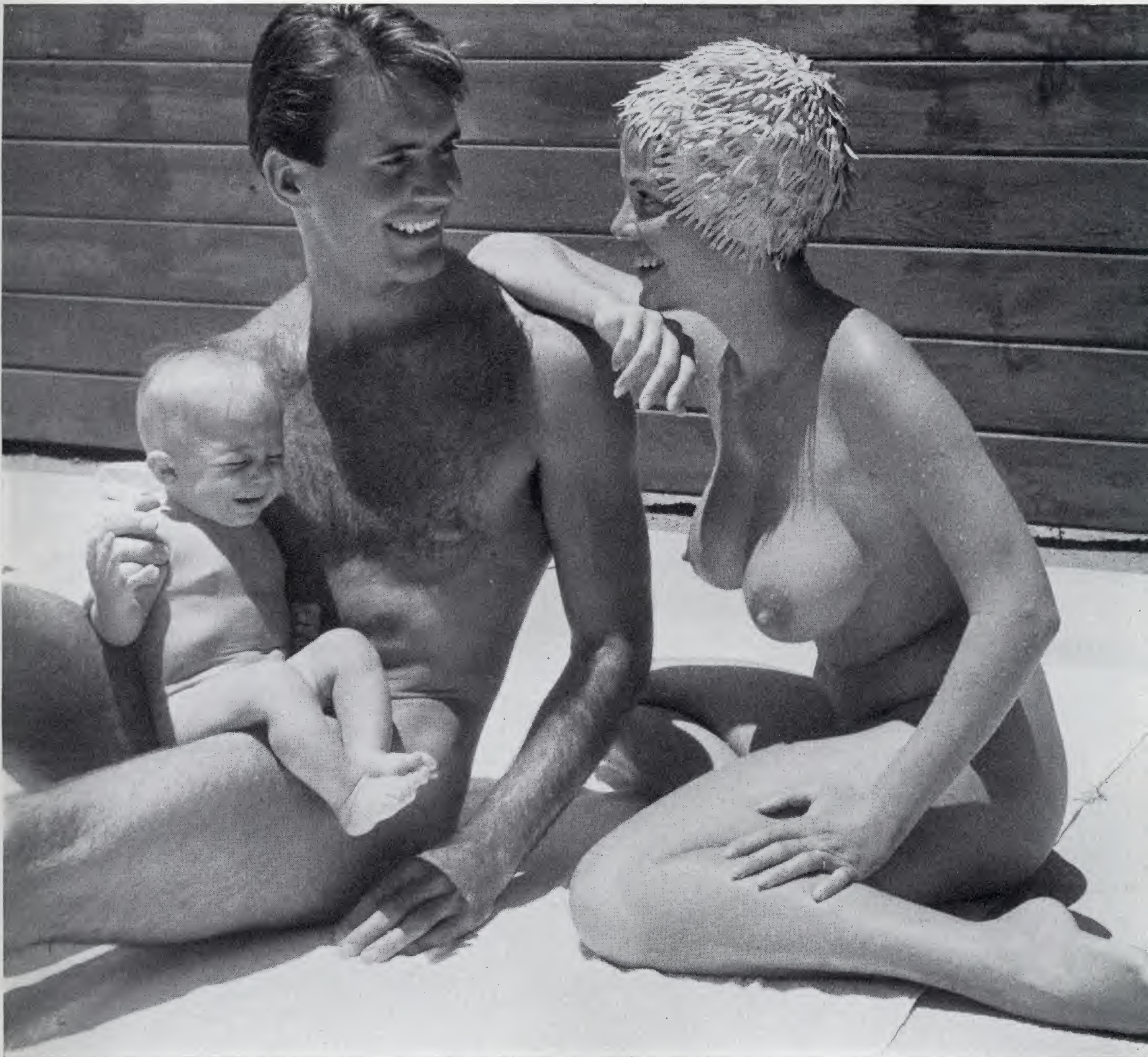
equal rights?

National nudist convention made things tough for girls in 1955. Preliminary judging for title took place indoors, and women judges interviewed candidates, rated them on looks, personality, sun tan and nudist achievement. Star of show was lovely Diane Webber. See story of aftermath, page 36.





1955



Who says we're created equal? Diane Webber got something extra in beauty, nicely complemented with brains. Named national nudist queen in 1955, she is member of Sundial Club of Los Angeles and husband Joe is president. Baby John had first swim when he was only a few months old.



1956

the pride of the west

Marguerite hands trophy to new WSA Queen Margie who reigned in 1955 with husband King Elton at Oakdale Ranch. Sundial Club members Elton and Margie are top volley ball players, serve nudism in many ways—once on television. Margie dresses in USAF nurse uniform, lieutenant's bars.

>

Queen Margo, 1956 Northwest queen, took crown at Paradise Valley near Boise, Idaho. A contestant in 1955 at Spokane, Margo won easy victory the next year, representing Forest Murmurs, Port Orchard, Wash., club she runs with four sisters.





PEOPLE ARE WONDERING ABOUT...

... nudist park operators who "promote" nudism by inviting the public to see for themselves, charging admission, so to speak, for a "trial visit". The customer gets a look at real live nudists in the "privacy" of their club grounds. Why not rent them opera glasses, too, or high-powered binoculars—at a higher price, of course—so that customers can get more for their money?

◆ ◆ ◆

... the newspaper reporters, photographers, "special guests" and VIP's who attend nudist conventions and modestly keep their shorts on—or more. Until recently such persons were required to disrobe—whoever they were. Now, however, some clubs permit clothed "VIP's" to attend the more publicized ceremonies. (For instance: columnist Earl Wilson, *et al*, for Herb Lindle's nudist wedding.) Is it not sacrificing principle for questionable publicity?

Newsmen as a class will do anything for a story and "losing their pants" is a minor sacrifice. Few have objected to it and some have gone on to become active nudists.

Such willingness may not be built into other VIP's but nevertheless, nudists who put principle first bitterly resent occasional incidents where the traditional requirement has been ignored.

◆ ◆ ◆

... how long the easy pickings can continue for nudist clubs that join both the American Sunbathing Association and the National Nudist Council. Some clubs have found it convenient to play one national group against the other, and some that have had trouble with the law have accepted legal aid from both. It's one way of getting a double dose of the benefits of national affiliation while putting forward only part of the loyalty and support involved if they cleave to one or the other. How about a "day of decision"?

... the truth of the "no drinking" boast. Nudists who have witnessed drinking on camp grounds are greatly disturbed over it, but their complaints have been in vain. The camps in question vigorously deny that alcoholic beverages are permitted on the grounds. Yet there are witnesses who have absolute knowledge that on a few occasions excessive drinking has taken place. That no official action has been taken worries the majority of nudists, but the guilty camp leaders simply deny it—and that leaves the situation at a standstill.

The drinking's O.K. with us—and with most people—but who can stomach hypocrisy?

◆ ◆ ◆

... the soundness of nudists' objections to "single men" in their camps. To be blunt about it, married men in high places openly admit among themselves, "We don't want those fellows in here looking at our wives and daughters." Then in nudist literature and to the public, they babble about "balance of the sexes."

The more level-headed and fair-minded nudists simply haven't been able to convince these few that such an attitude is contradictory to nudist ideals.

◆ ◆ ◆

... what really happens to trespassers in nudist camps? When "uninvited guests" manage to slip in, they're inevitably caught and ejected. Usually they react angrily and once in a while the snoopers get roughed up some before they're heaved out.

Some camps feel bound to dunk such unwelcome visitors in the pool and a few camps have administered bumps and bruises too, according to what we've heard.

But Sol Stern, the public relations man of Lupin Lodge, Los Gatos, Calif., has a sensible way of handling such a situation: At a national convention a few years ago, two teen-aged boys were grabbed as they sneaked into the camp, and Sol took over.

"All right, fellows," he said, "you went to all that trouble to sneak in here, you know you don't belong and you're going to have to leave. But what is it you wanted? Now that you're here, what did you hope to do or see?"

The boys were scared at first, then sheepish. They looked around at all the nude people, then at the pool and one lad found his voice:

"Could we just swim in that pool a minute? Then we'll go!"

Permission was granted—to everyone's amusement—and a few minutes later the smiling youngsters were escorted out of camp by smiling nudists. That's public relations!



1957 HIGH FLIERS

A CUTIE AND A CAMP

The Camp:

In its own canyon in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains lies Lupin Lodge, the end of the trail for nudists who trek west for the 1957 national convention. High-style, high-caliber and high-priced, Lupin Lodge promises a topflight time and delivers it with some special treats. Our picture-tour shows why 30

The Cutie:

When a famous Hollywood figure model turns up in a nudist park, everybody stares. One spring day in 1955, they were staring at Marguerite Empey, whose volatile face and beautiful body have made her the darling of the men's magazines. Less than a year later, she had become Diane Webber, queen of the nudists. Hers is a story of a well-healed split personality 36

1957
HIGH
FLIER



On route of old Overland Trail, winding shady road (freely used by deer) leads into Lupin Lodge. Some of stonework of old trail is still visible on right bank as you enter.

LUPIN LODGE

A Treat for Conventioneers

By **DONALD JOHNSON**

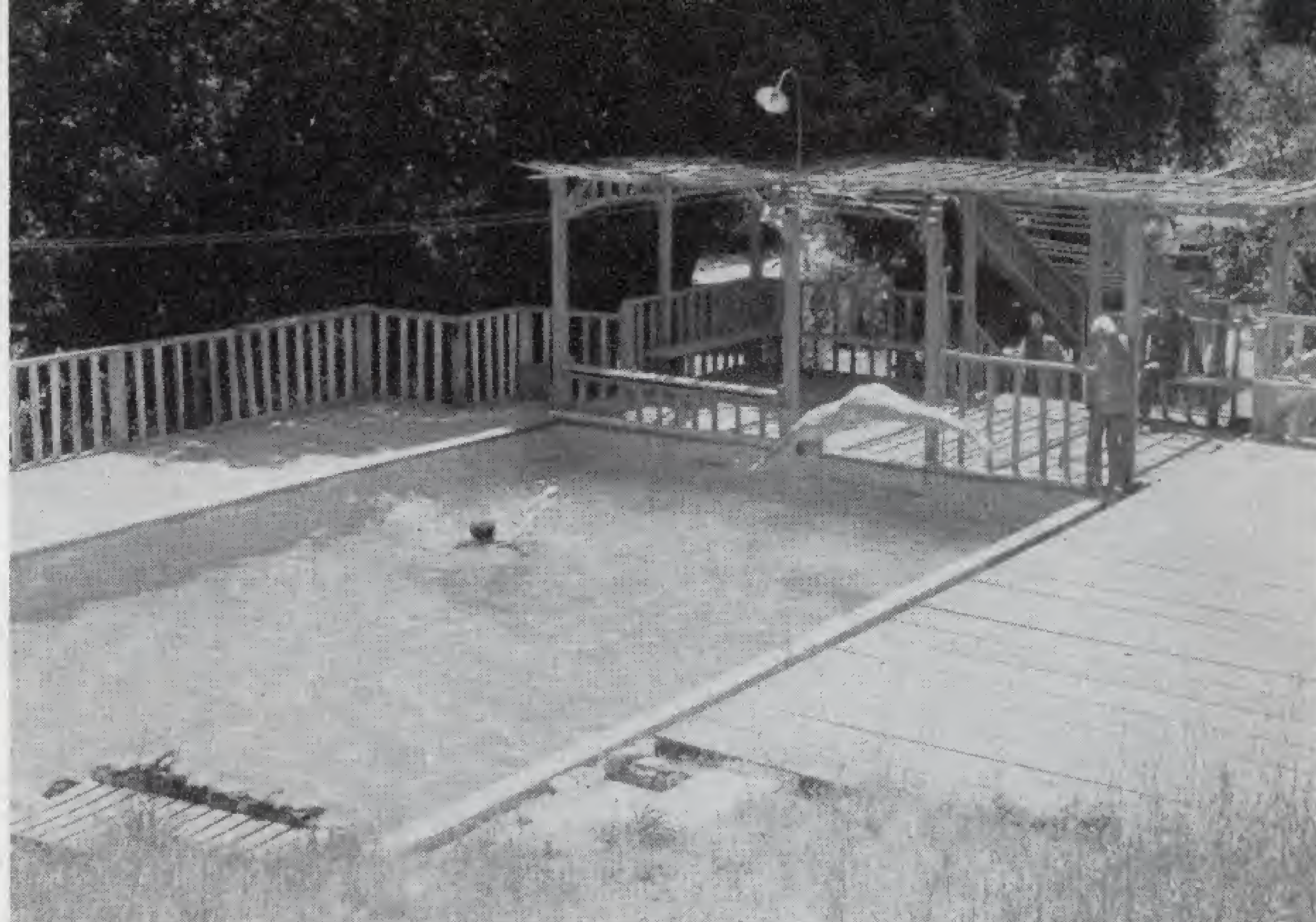


AT THE FOOT OF THE San Francisco-Oakland Bay region lies the Santa Cruz mountain range. This area enjoys an almost ideal mid-California climate, cool and brisk in winter, warm and pleasant in summer. Occupying its own canyon in the heart of these mountains is Lupin Lodge, one of the best known and most beautiful of all nudist parks.

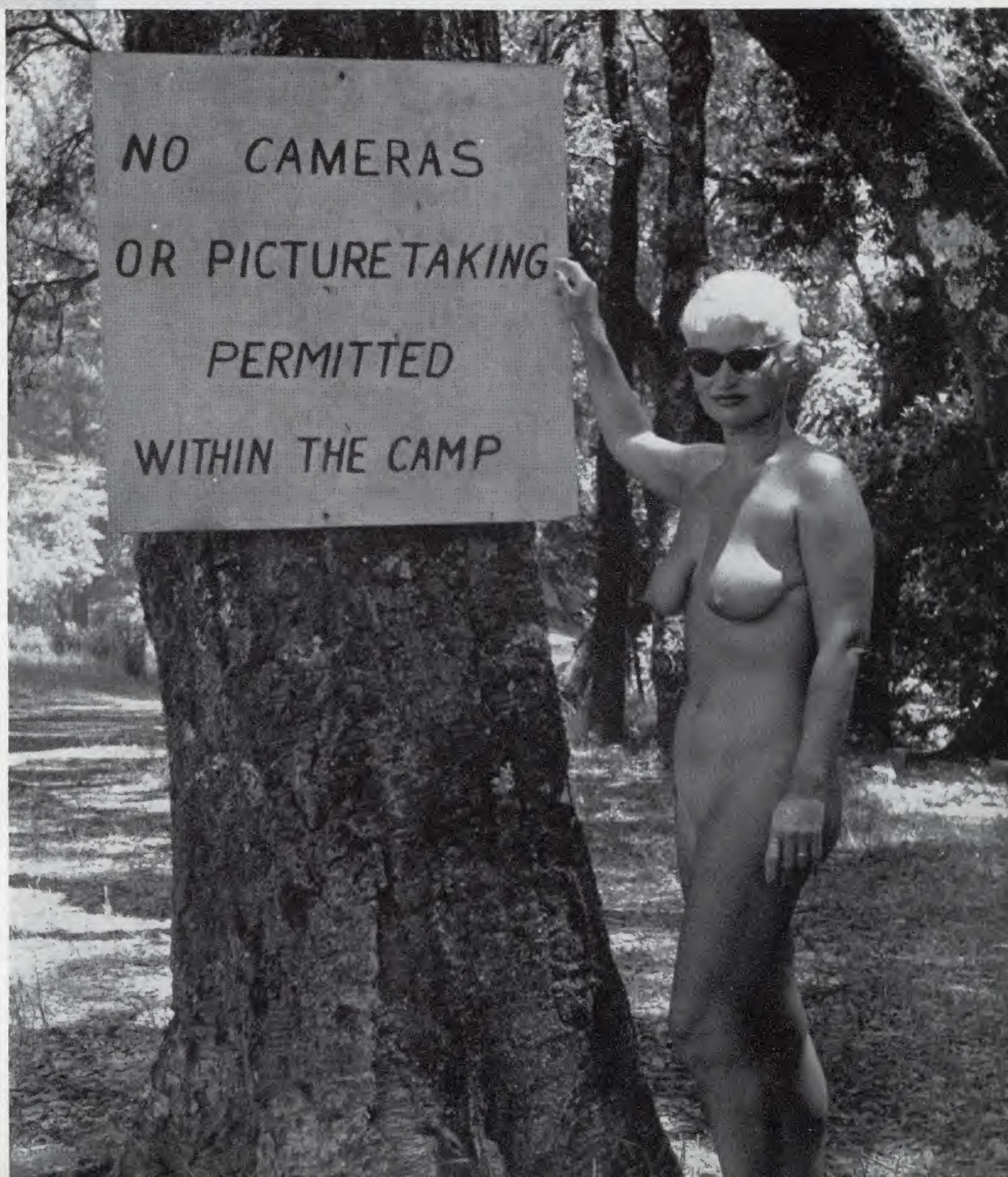
To get to Lupin Lodge you drive the four-lane highway from Santa Cruz on the Pacific coast toward the city of Los Gatos (in English, "the cats"). A right turn at the Idlewild road leads down into a mountain valley; from there the way is clearly marked by the Lodge's own signs. Or simpler still, phone the Lodge,

Newcomers and oldcomers check here on arrival. Converted from old barn, home of Ray and Ethel Plant shows effect of Ray's work as gardener, here interrupted by Ethel's summons to lunch. Right, WSA 1955 queen is Lupin member.





One of three swimming pools, lower "informal" pool lies in landscaped setting protected by shade trees. Spic-and-span signs (left) guide newcomers through extensive grounds. Below, Lupin carefully regulates photography.





Justifiably proud of Lupin's well water, Ethel Plant, left, and Toby Stern pause beside one of a number of drinking fountains of rustic design located on grounds. Magnificent shade trees and fine lawns cover main area of park.

which is listed in the San Jose-Los Gatos directory, and get on-the-spot directions.

The road to the Lodge is paved all the way to the final turnoff. Then it winds for three-tenths of a mile through dense woods where deer wander freely, protected by the simple fact that the Lodge and its grounds constitute a game preserve. Visitors who come in at night are almost certain to encounter deer in the roadway.

The entrance road makes a sharp left turn, climbs up a gentle slope and turns onto the grounds of a nudist resort that has few equals anywhere in the world.

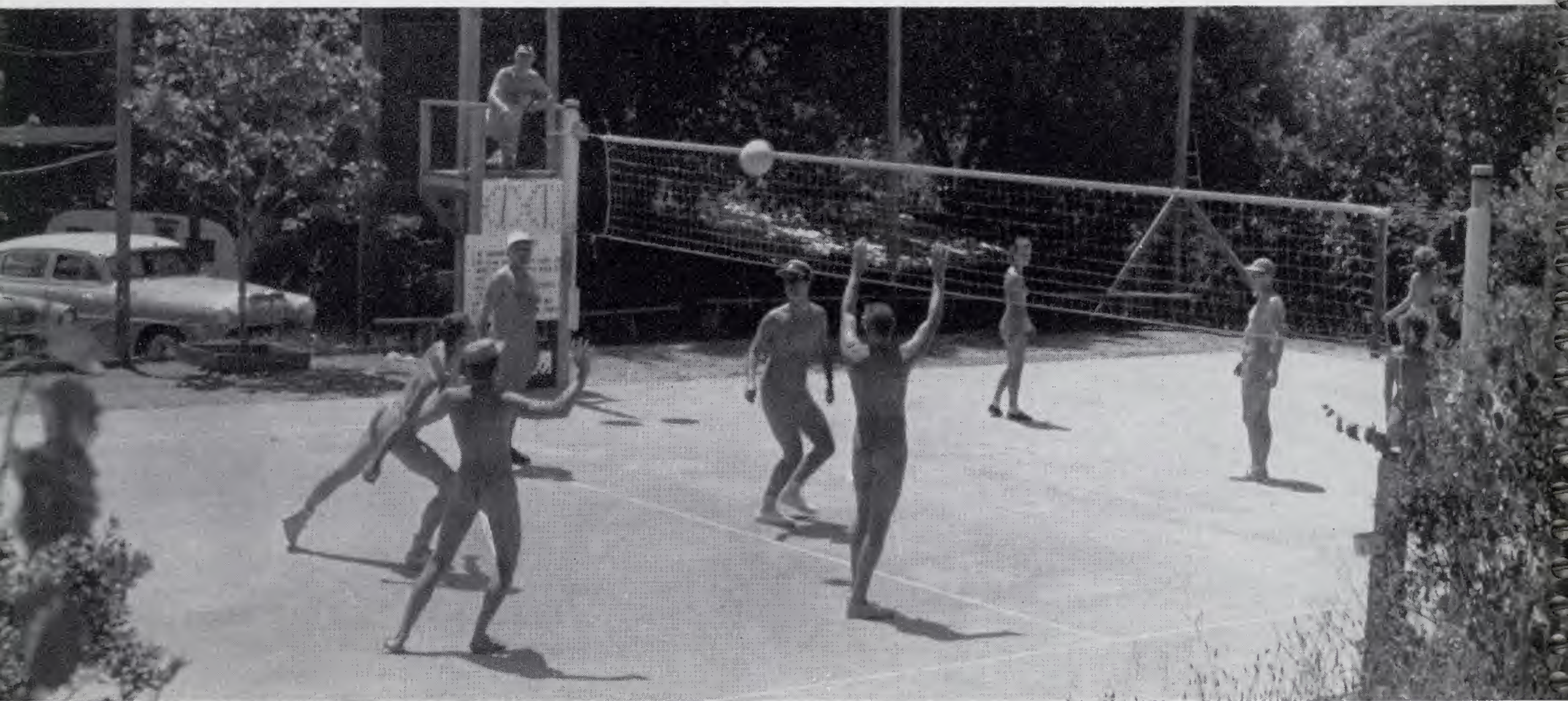




Mountain views are colorful backdrop for porch loungers. Broad porch runs on two sides of clubhouse.



Informal ease keynotes furniture grouping in Lupin's clubhouse. This is interior of corner shown in left photo.



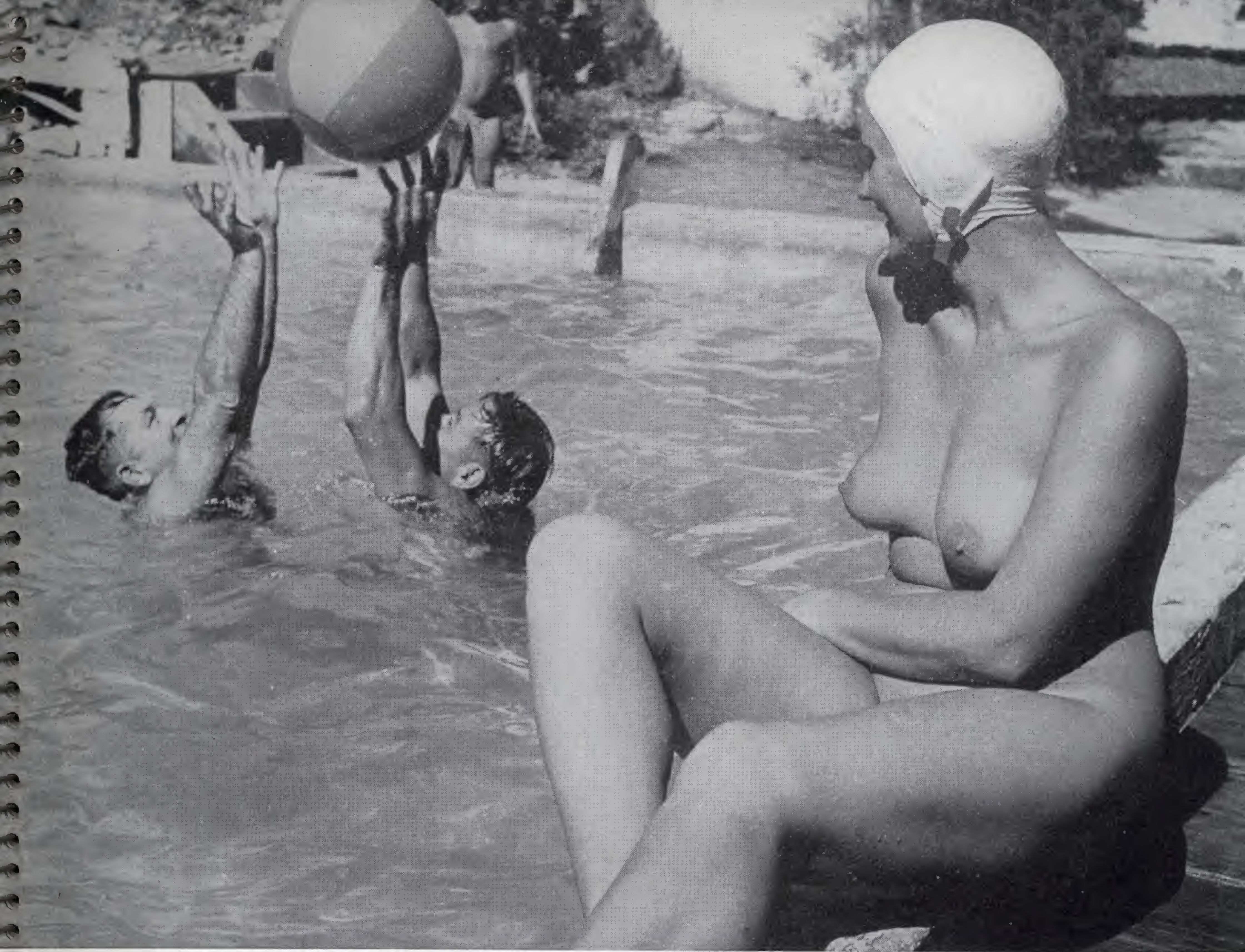
Tight net, concrete surfacing, bleachers for spectators are features of main volley ball court. Team is shown here in practice session. Clubhouse corner above holds trophy case full of cups and awards won by Lupin's championship team.

There is an attractive gatehouse and, directly beyond it, a sizeable red building which is the residence of the park managers, Ray and Ethel Plant. Everyone stops here, newcomers to check in and make themselves known, regulars to say hello and learn what activities are scheduled. Ray and Ethel themselves are best described as perhaps the ideal park managers. Ethel is a marvel of hospitality and is personally responsible for the exceptional cleanliness that is a notable Lupin

Lodge characteristic. Equally talented in public relations Roy is an expert gardener: the many flower beds and other beauty spots around the grounds show his skilled handiwork. For the benefit of newcomers and visitors he has posted many attractive signs pointing the way to different parts of the camp.

From the entrance road the extensive terrain slopes gently upward toward the head of the canyon. Lupin is arranged so there

(continued on page 65)



Surrounding "upper" pool are showers, drinking fountains, sunning areas, cots, benches as well as lovely landscaping.

Sundeck with shade and patio areas encircles "L"-shaped, 65-foot-long main pool. Visible in far background is offset shallow area reserved for families who want to swim together.





1957
HIGH
FLIER



David M. Mills

DIANE WEBBER

A Beauty with Brains

By **JUNE LANGE**

Photographs by Ed Lange
unless otherwise credited

MARGUERITE EMPEY, famous Hollywood figure model, first visited a nudist park in the spring of 1955. Less than a year later, this darling of the men's magazines had been transformed into Diane Webber, queen of the nudists.

In the span of one eventful year she married Joseph Webber, won the coveted title of queen of the country's nudists, withstood a cruel attack from a few nudists for "publicity seeking", gave birth to a son by the natural childbirth method and returned to the good graces of her fellow-nudists everywhere because of her

Diane started career as dancer, still uses ballet warm-ups to keep trim. Modeling first as dancer, she discovered she possesses elusive talent that is model's most prized asset: she becomes different woman for each photographer's camera.

Danny Rouzer





This is Marguerite Empey . . .



On top, beside or under surface of Peter Gowland's swimming pool, her naturalness in nude is great asset.

One of first photographers to work with Marguerite, Keith Bernard adds his own touch to her special charm.



<
Bunny Yeager, whose nudes make you forget she's a lady, exaggerates force of Marguerite's healthy body.

who has the ability to be a different woman to every photographer...

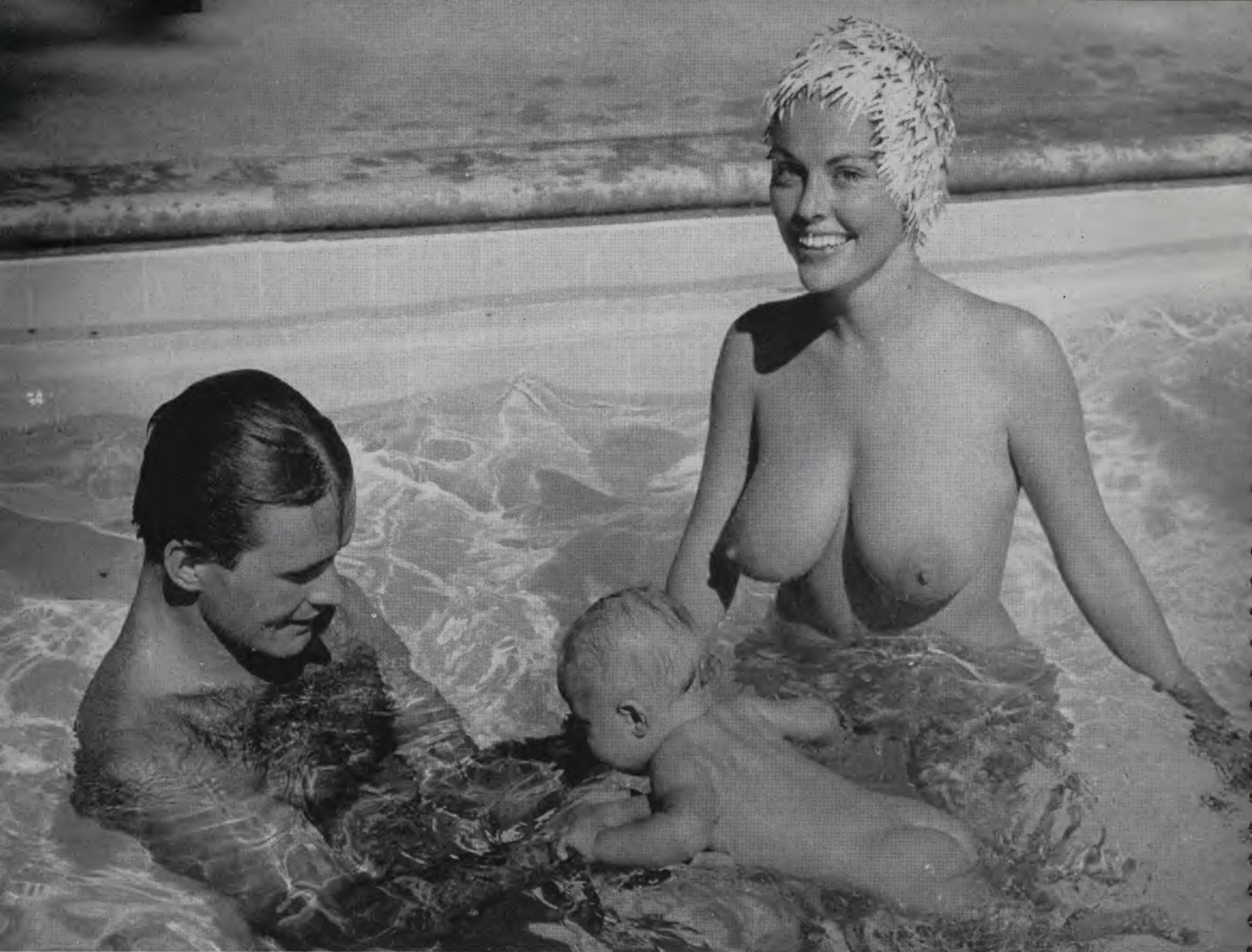


Stanley Dorie uses high key, captures her grace, femininity. Other Dorie photos appear on pages 28, 42.

For Ed Lange, outstanding nudist photographer, who poses her without makeup, she epitomizes nudist beauty.



Russ Meyer doesn't know what to make of her. His photos speak of the mysterious, tawny, untamed female animal.



continued participation in nudist life and her ability to admit a mistake in judgment.

What sort of person is this girl who is able to manage simultaneously the seemingly conflicting roles of queen of the nudists and queen of the nude figure models?

Let it be clearly understood, Diane Webber is that delightful rarity, a beauty with brains. She possesses a magnificent body—plus the intelligence to preserve it and use it to best advantage. Diane has an iconoclastic turn of mind and a scathing tongue when aroused. She is a model mother who says, “My greatest joy in nudism is to bring up my child with the advantage of complete familiarity with the human body and understanding of natural things.”

Why did she change her name from Marguerite Empey to Diane Webber? Her reply demonstrates the disarming candor of her nature.

This is Diane Webber who proved that natural childbirth and feeding young John the natural way would only enrich her figure. Chip off old block, he learns to swim early.





Stanley Dorie

Do you know this woman?

"My name has always been Marguerite Diane Empey, but I hated Marguerite, so my family and friends called me Diane. Of course I signed professional model releases with my legal name and thus I came to be known as Marguerite Empey. Then I married Joey and my name changed to Webber. When I became queen of the American Sunbathing Association, I was publicized by the name all my friends knew, Diane Webber.

"I never intended to pretend to be two people," Diane concluded, "or to make a mystery of the names!"

Diane embarked on a professional dancing career and as a dancer she did her first modeling. Gradually she discovered that she possesses the elusive talent that is a model's most prized asset, the ability to be a different woman to every photographer. Soon she found herself doing more modeling than dancing.

In the meantime, her fiancé, Joe Webber, an accomplished swimmer, made a practice of seeking out quiet beaches where he could sunbathe and swim nude. As a figure model Diane valued an all-over tan and she was independent enough and clear (continued on page 64)

Or this one?





GOOD SPORTS GET TOGETHER

Annual Cobblestone Olympics show more than one kind of
good sport.....44



SUNSHINE FESTIVAL

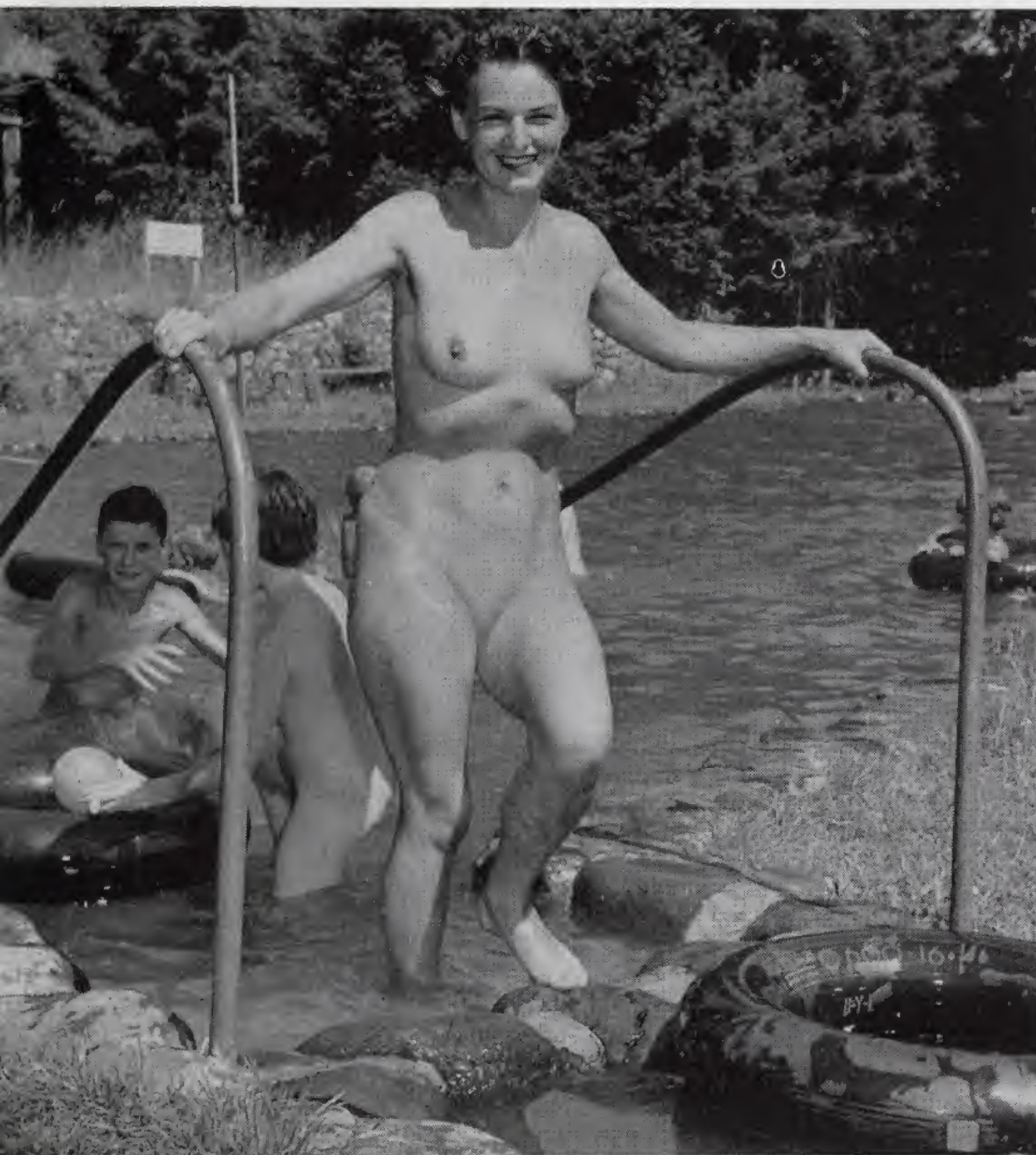
Once a year Oregonians
get into the act.....52



THE HOTTEST SCRAP OF THE YEAR

Worst fights are always among friends.....56

GOOD SPORTS



Laid stone by stone by namesake Rudolph Johnson, 90-foot Lake Rudolph deepens to nine feet at diving end.

"Gamboling on green" becomes reality. Nudists stage third Olympiad, preserve fun-loving dispositions through deadly serious and not-so-serious sports competitions.

By **NORM and GLORIA COOK**



These men are registering for Olympic games that include throwing javelin, shot-put, swimming, diving, volley ball.

NOT SO MUCH PUBLICITY attaches to the Nudist Olympics, and not so many athletes take part, and not so many people travel thousands of miles to watch—but in one way the Nudist Olympics most closely resemble the games that were held on that plain in ancient Greece. The athletes in those days were nude, too.

Cobblestone Suntanners of Yelm, Washington, started this sports festival three years ago for the sake of nudists in that far corner of the U. S. who can't afford time or money to attend the big summer conventions. The Olympics is one of numerous special events that ease the plight of the stay-at-homes: All-Florida Day and Friendship Day in the east, northern and southern California get-togethers, Labor Day Roundup, etc.

Last July at Cobblestone Lodge, large attendance made the Olympics look like a convention. However, no business meetings mar the nudists' accent on fun. Now in their third year, the games attracted almost 200 men, women and children.

GET TOGETHER...



Not triplets, just look-alikes, these are three of five sisters who are making history in Port Orchard, Wash., with fast-growing Forest Murmurs nudist camp. All five are married and all nudists. See page 51 for photo of another sister.



DesChutes River laps at one edge of camp, brings icy water from Cascades.



Volley ball tops all events as peak of interest. Squaw Mountain Ranch won final play-off against Cobblestone, took home small gold champions' trophy.



So proficient are nudists in water that three men split swimming, diving prizes.



Egg-toss lines up couples opposite each other to play catch with raw egg. They move one step farther apart with each toss. Girl at right has had it.

Before the children's events got under way, the youngsters were divided into age groups to insure fair competition. Their contests included golf, ring toss and balloon kicking for varying amounts of prize money. The losers were consoled with candy. Pearl, the girl who handled the children's games, kept them entertained too with a scramble for peanuts and pennies

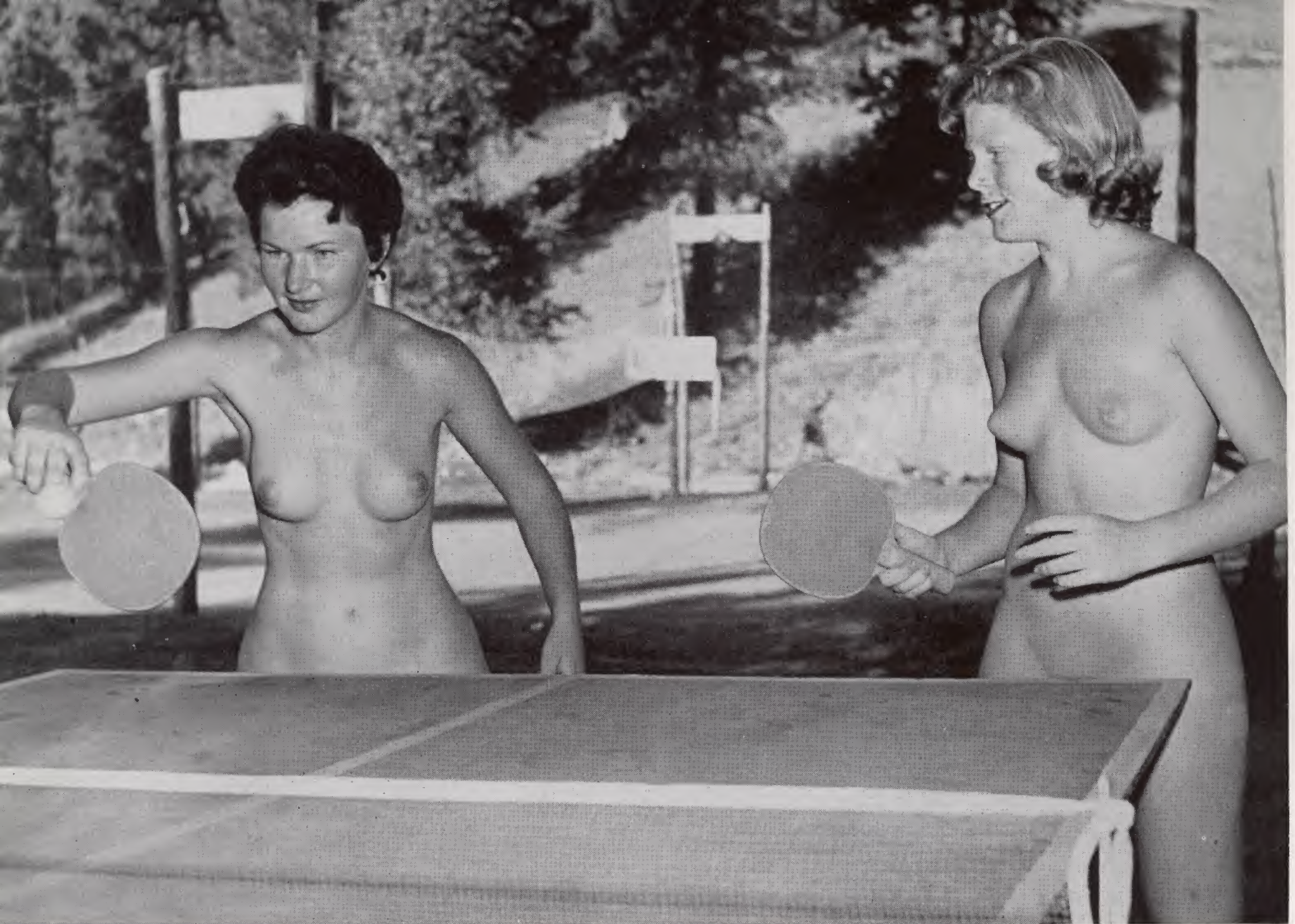
that were thrown into a haystack. Each child kept his findings as a prize.

The scene of the swimming and diving contests was "Lake Rudolph". Financed by northwestern clubs and personal donations, the pool was built in 10 months' time by namesake Rudolph Johnson.

All of the participants displayed fine technique and



To our mind this is for the birds—jailbirds, for example—but pseudo-tattoo speeds up name exchange at big meetings.



Brunette Shirley and blonde Laura take Olympics seriously, bone up on technique at home club (Paradise Valley).



Ruse of clever baby-sitter keeps kids in one place and busy seeking pennies and peanuts in haystack.



Winning southern women's team shows off form. Northern and southern clubs combined resources to put two teams on court.

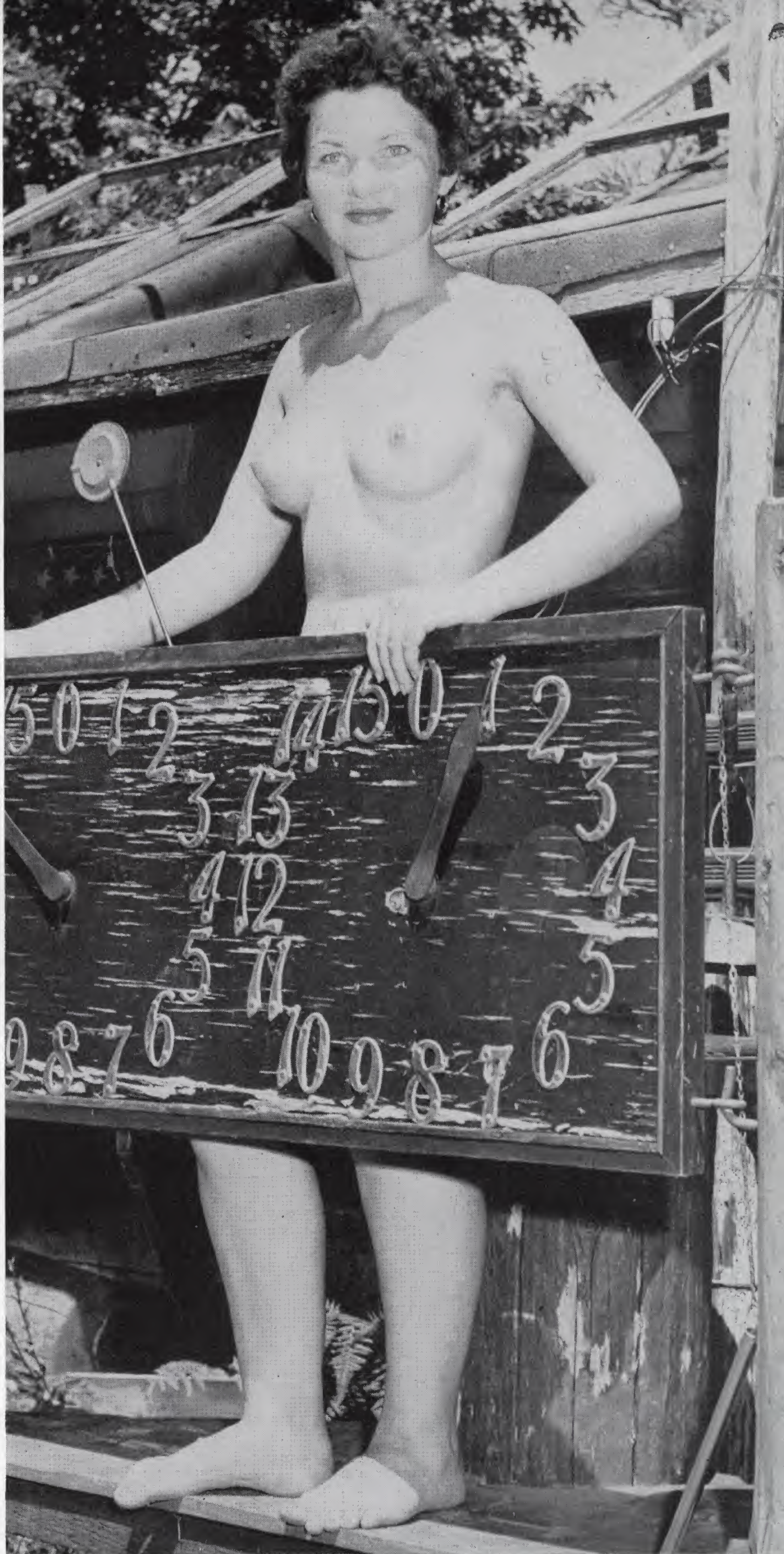
Choice of Shirley of Paradise Valley (Idaho) to keep score for volley ballers brings to mind admonition that applies in life as well as sport: you have to keep your eye on the ball.

Little George and Jerry of Cobblestone and Dave of Northwest Travel Club (Corvallis, Ore.) split the men's swimming and diving prizes. Among the women, Sandra of Northwest Travel Club and Bonnie of Cobblestone won the diving and Ethel (Cobblestone) the swimming events. An unusual swimming contest in this Olympics was for men over 40, and Phil of Cobblestone swam off with the prize.

Other games for the adults included shot-put, javelin-throwing and volley ball. Loretta of Squaw Mountain Ranch (Portland, Ore.) and Duane of Cobblestone heaved the 10-pound ball the farthest to win the shot-put events.

Ron of Squaw Mountain Ranch and Shirley of Paradise Valley (Boise, Idaho) had the strongest arms and the best form in throwing the javelin. Squaw Mountain Ranch, up against the Cobblestone team in the volley ball play-off, won three out of five games and a small gold cup inscribed "Cobblestone Olympics—Champions 1956." In the women's volley ball, the southern clubs banded together to field a team against the northern clubs. The audience saw some quick action among the women in a close-fought tournament that the southerners finally won.

Two Olympic traditions are the "bald head" and "long hair" competition. Ethel and Doris of Cobblestone judged the first contest, seeking a man who could comb his hair with a wash cloth. Harold of Cobblestone proved he was that man, thus





Attendance that reaches almost to 200 mark keeps chuck wagon's grill sizzling: hot dogs, 20 cents; hamburgers, 30; coffee, five cents; pop, 10. Opposite page, Margo is last year's Northwest queen, one of five Forest Murmurs sisters.



retaining his title for a second year. Judging the long hair contest were Norm of Paradise Valley and Dave of Northwest Travel Club. Myrtle's long black tresses made her another two-time winner.

One of the most hilarious events was the "baby bottle" contest. Baby nipples capped bottles of pop with which the women "fed" the men. The turnout was proof enough that men are babies at heart. Another hilarious event, untidy but fun, was the egg-tossing contest. Couples lined up opposite each other to play catch with a raw egg. They were instructed to move a step farther apart with each toss. For those who were inexperienced enough to leave their rings on, the game was short.

Gloria Cook of Paradise Valley (that's me!) and her photographer-spouse Norm each received fountain pens for having traveled the greatest distance to attend the Cobblestone Olympics. We covered 582 miles—something we'd do again at the drop of a volley ball in order never to miss such a gathering of good sports, a yearly northwest nudist "must". ♦





Decision of judges and popular applause agree on Thelma and Jerry, husband and wife, as having best tans, thus naming them Mr. and Mrs. Willamettan. At left is Junior Willamettan Del and right, Little Sunbeam Mike.

SUNSHINE FESTIVAL TOUTS

By **NORM** and **GLORIA COOK**

OREGON SUFFERS not so much from lack of sunshine as from its rather short summer. According to the U. S. Weather Bureau, some of Oregon's high plateau districts average less than 50 growing days a year and there are sections where frost may occur in any month. Thus nudists find their season can't really get started until late May or early June, when days and nights are still quite cool, and weather too cold for nudism descends again in early September.

These facts have not deterred the formation of nudist groups in Oregon, but the short season accounts for a lack of the evenly-coppered skins that pay silent tribute to regular hours of outdoor nudist life.

In 1952, two members of a nudist group that was to become the Willamettans of Eugene, Ore., remarked that to get a good tan requires concentrated attention and effort. To stimulate that effort and induce members to make better use of camp facilities, Bud and Frankie proposed an annual award (loving cups that

they donated) for the man, woman and child sporting the best tan of the year. The judging was to take place at a "Sunshine Festival" each August.

Thus began the tradition of the northwest get-together that welcomes nudists from all over the country, but allows only Willamettans members in the tan-of-the-year competition.

The last Sunshine Festival brought over 100 guests to Mountain Manor, the Willamettans' lodge, where more than 500 cups of free coffee were passed out, and everyone pitched into the free watermelon, wieners and buns, and a scrumptious potluck dinner. Another feature of the festival was a bazaar where guests could buy anything from a handmade guest towel to imported Australian knitting wool, the proceeds going into the club funds. Dart and balloon games for the children and bingo and wheel of fortune games for adults were played for prizes that Willamettans' members had donated.



Traveling trophy goes to Squaw Mountain Ranch for volley ball championship. Player at left shows form that won it. In order to keep it team must win it three times in succession.

OREGONIAN TANS

Willamettans take special day to praise hard-to-come-by suntans, celebrate themselves with carnival, bazaar and two fun-filled festival days.





Onlookers may choose shade or sun from which to watch volley ball games on Willamettans' grounds. All clubs are eligible to compete for traveling trophy and final play-offs take up most of second day of Sunshine Festival.



Road-map paper on club walls brings out wanderlust.



In true carnival style, makeshift snack bar deals with mountain-air appetites, serves reasonably-priced hamburgers, hot dogs, sandwiches, pies and free coffee.



More than 100 nudists attend Sunshine Festival and that's a lot of mouths to feed. Strenuous games in evergreen-scented air make appetites ravenous for potluck dinner, watermelon, and to top it off an evening wiener roast.

The volley ball play-offs started the second day of the festival. All clubs are eligible to compete for the beautiful traveling trophy that is awarded the volley ball champions. In order to keep it, a team must win the trophy for three consecutive years. By winning it in a nip-and-tuck series involving Siskiyou Fraternity, Restful Haven and the Willamettans, Squaw Mountain Ranch is a third of the way to keeping it.

Next, Master of Ceremonies Bud introduced the judges for the selection of Mr. and Miss Willamettan. Their decision and popular applause agreed on Thelma and Jerry as having the best tans, thus earning them the titles Mr. and Miss Willamettan. (They are actually Mr. and Mrs.) The assemblage also selected teen-ager Del for Junior Willamettan and a Little Sunbeam named Mike. Squaw Mountain Ranch took its temporary hold on the volley ball trophy and White Oak Lodge proudly accepted one for badminton.

Remarkably successful in its original aim, the Sunshine Festival shows the Willamettans the coppery skins more easily come by in some other states, while at the same time drawing attention to the tanning accomplishments of the Oregon group. The Sunshine Festival provides year-long incentive to the Willamettans to make the best use of camp facilities. ♦



Bazaar sells variety of interesting items, handmade and donated by Willamettans, proceeds going to club coffers.



THE HOTTEST

By **CLAIRE and JON**
Photographs by Jim Hadley

AS NEW YEAR'S DAY has been set aside to determine the football championship of the United States, All-Florida Day is the annual Sunday that nudists have set aside to determine the volley ball championship of Florida. Just as competition is always most keen between boon companions, the Florida contest usually turns out to be the hottest nudist scrap of the year.

The three top-ranking volley ball teams in Florida during the past season were fielded by Lake Como Club of Tampa, the Floritans Society of Del Ray Beach and Sunny Palms Lodge, Homestead. These three were to compete in the round-robin play-off. Each had a record to be proud of—unbeaten, untied, and unscored-on during the entire season. The fact that none of them had played any games yet was not publicized.

The prize for which they compete on All-Florida Day is the perpetual trophy presented three years ago by MODERN SUNBATHING & HYGIENE. Sunny Palms lovingly dusted it for the first two years and Lake Como Club snatched it last year.

The fourth annual running of this classic was held last winter in the Floritans' Sunny Acres stadium. The court of freshly pumped-up lake-bottom sand gleamed in the sunlight. It had been brushed and rolled and carefully worked to the consistency of a child's sandpile, a smooth level surface that invited barefoot play. As it turned out, web toes would have helped.

The day dawned bright and clear and some ten degrees cooler than the Chamber of Commerce would admit. In fact for the first few hours Sunny Acres bore little resemblance to a nudist park as

High-spirited Floridians stick to volley ball on All-Florida Day, occasion set aside to determine year's champions. Right, spectators take up positions on sidelines while players move on court for first game.

SCRAP OF THE YEAR

Once a year Florida nudists raise arms against each other in titanic fight that rages till one group vanquishes all comers.





Like housewife about to have company, Floritan finds all work and no play makes jalousied windows shine.



For smooth beach to edge swimming area and to surface volley ball court, Floritans pump sand from lake bottom.



hosts and guests gathered behind the wind screens and shivered in sweaters and wool pants. One congenial group formed a friendship circle and sat on each other's feet for warmth.

But about ten o'clock the first teams were fielded—in uniform, naturally. The sun became more and more persuasive, the wind less persistent, and spectators began dropping a garment here and a garment there until they too were down to their suntans. Little piles of clothing dotted the grounds, because even the newly-expanded parking lot was overcrowded and many of the cars were parked along the road near the far gate.

The Floritans men, accustomed to playing volley ball in three inches of sand, took an early lead in the tournament, but finally lost to both Lake Como and the Sunny Palmolives. The final match between Sunny Palms and Lake Como took place in the afternoon and featured some of the most exciting volley ball Florida

Figurines are one of items sold for benefit of American Sunbathing Association Defense Fund. This is reserve set up to cover expenses incurred in nudism's legal battles.

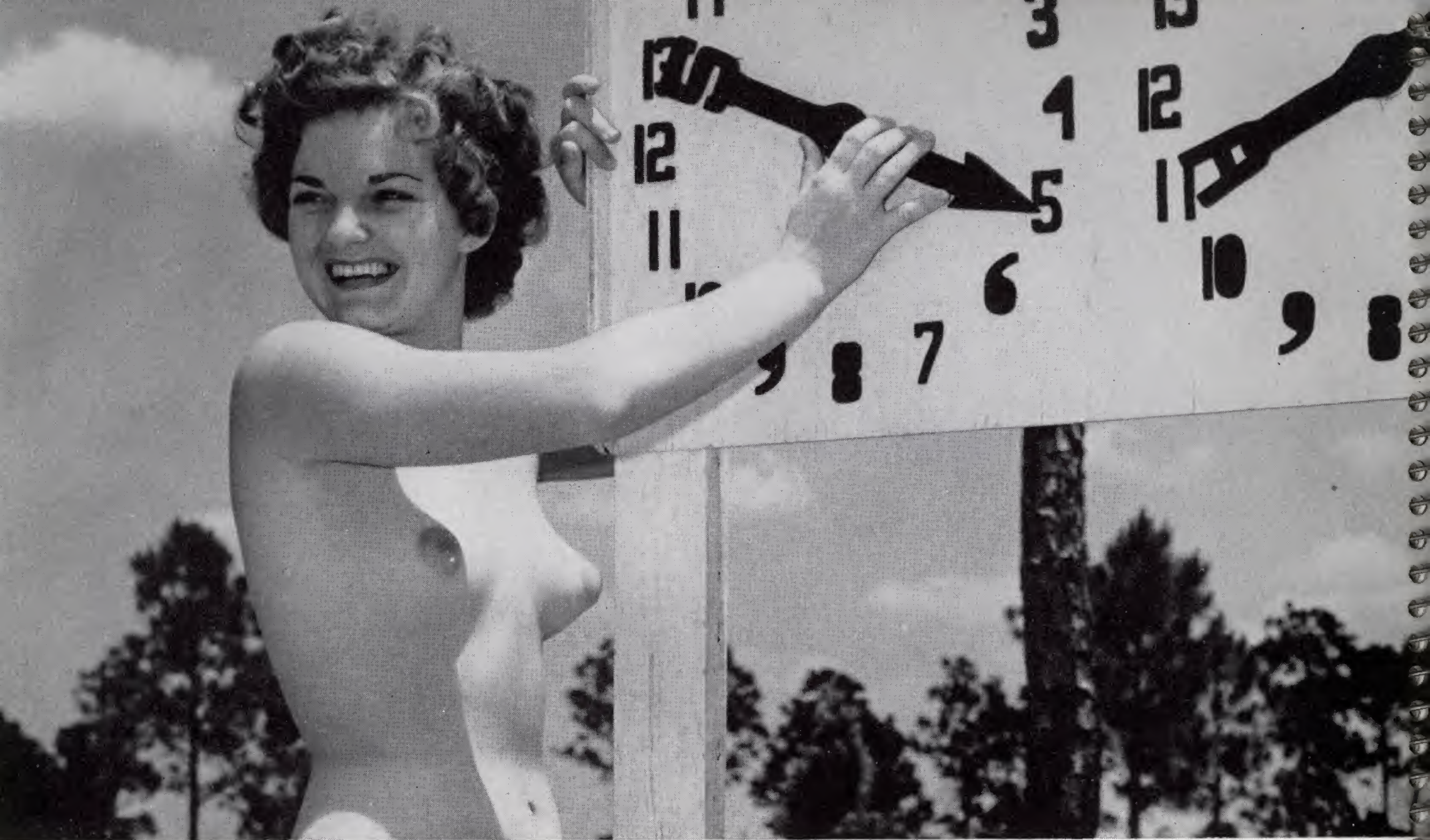






In chef's uniform Ray of Floritans (upper left) is famous for barbecued ribs without which no Sunny Acres get-together would be complete. Below, Jack Carter helped with cooking. Somewhat late getting to eat, he suffers mooch from wife Sheila. This pair makes living touring night clubs with mind reading act.





In spite of heated games and feeling that runs high, it's all in fun. Girls of Floritans and Sunny Palms manage to keep cool while Lake Como teams run off with victory.

has seen for many a winter. Every point was bitterly contested and many a rally had the spectators shouting and cheering. Coming from behind in both games, the Como players displayed an amazing steadiness which, combined with their persistent attack, brought them scores of 15-13 and 15-12 and victory.

The Lake Como women were as successful as the men, beating the Floritans women in the finals by scores of 15-7 and 15-11.

Although it is called All-Florida Day and thus sounds like a one-day affair, the celebration started on Saturday with a delicious fish-fry under the expert hands of Chef Ray, music around the bonfire by saxophonist Clyde, and singing by anyone who cared to try.

It had been announced that the nudist movie "The Magic Glasses" would be shown and this did finally occur, but not quite as scheduled. The borrowed projector was designed for nothing larger than 400-foot reels while the film came on a 1200-foot reel. Improvisation saved the day. Four volunteer projectionists withstood much advice and frequent interruptions from the kibitzers, and the show went on. There are no pic-



tures of this "living projector" as Dave called it, because photographer Jim was busy acting as a take-up reel. It was a good movie, but there was only one showing.

Sunday too was a feast day. Just before the men's volley ball finals the welcome call sounded, "Come and get the barbecue!" And like the whole week end it was

good. Everyone went home happy and contented. Except for a few volley ball players. Happy, yes, but contented, no. Several members of the Floritans and Sunny Palms teams were seen in a huddle. Rumor has it they were scheduling a practice match every month to try to prevent Lake Como's powerhouse from winning that trophy again next year. ♦



Sheila shows how she keeps calm and collected while defeated volley ball players burn. Aura of contentment surrounds ending of All-Florida Day except that diehard volley ball players of Sunny Palms and Floritans chafe under sound beatings they've had too many times from Lake Como's powerhouse in both men's and women's contests.

DIANE WEBBER

(continued from page 42)

in her thinking to accept the idea of nude sunbathing without inner conflict.

"We got tired of drawing a crowd every time we wanted to go swimming," Joe says. "No sooner would we settle down for a sun bath on the beach than we'd begin to notice groups of people peering at

us over the cliffs. So I decided to investigate the nudist parks even though I had heard it was impossible for a single man to get in. I figured that Diane and I as a couple would be acceptable."

He and Diane hold firm convictions about many things, in particular their budding family. Young

John Webber came into the world without any help from artificial methods and he took all of his nourishment from his mother's breast for the first few months of his life.

The Webbers do not consider themselves food faddists, but they do eat healthfully. To them that means lots of good food—raw fruit and vegetables, meats, cheese and dairy products. Diane's dinners for the Board of Directors of Los Angeles' Sundial Club (of which



Joe is President) are famous, for she is an excellent cook. She specializes in Italian pizza, Mexican tacos and crunchy oatmeal cookies full of nuts and raisins.

The young Webbers candidly express a few opinions on subjects that most nudists don't talk about. For instance, both Diane and Joe contend that since the human body's normal sex appeal insures the future of the race, it is hypocritical to deny that sex is a matter of concern to nudists. To ignore the fact that sex appeal exists in a nudist park is as ridiculous as the concept that nudity is shameful. They contend that physical attraction is just as healthy, natural and pure as any other aspect of nudism.

This viewpoint may be one explanation for Diane's feeling that figure modeling and nudism are not incompatible.

"Certainly I do not like many of the photographs I have appeared in," Diane admits. "Some of them have shown lack of judgment and immaturity. But it isn't practical nor professional for a model to try to censor every picture a photographer takes. One's recourse is to work only with those photographers who have good judgment. Unfortunately, many photographers don't have—particularly when they don't understand the nudist viewpoint. When a photographer demonstrates to me that his work is vulgar or in bad taste, I simply refuse to work for him again.

"I have also learned, often with distaste," Diane continued, "that models have no control over where their pictures are used or for what purpose. But just as any professional learns to be wary of the pitfalls of his profession, I have begun to learn how to maintain better control over the photographs that are taken of me."

Some nudist leaders criticized Diane when a publication quoted her as saying, "So many people think we nudists are a bunch of Bohemians but this isn't true." The quotation appeared with a set of "arty" nude pictures completely unrelated to nudist life.

In a letter to the Chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the American Sunbathing Association, Diane explained that the pho-

tographs in question were taken during a sitting that had no connection with nudism. Apparently the photographer learned from nudist magazines of her selection as queen of the ASA, and passed the information on to his agency as a device to make his photographs more newsworthy and thus more saleable.

"It has become apparent that it was a mistake to work with the photographer but there was no indication of intent to use the pictures in connection with nudism. After the sitting, a magazine syndicate representative telephoned me and asked for an interview.

"The conversation began with questions about our new baby, my husband's work and so on, and led to some such query as 'What's this about your being queen of the nudists?'

"Since I knew nothing about the magazines he represented and wanted no connection between my modeling and my nudist activities, I declined to give him the interview or any further information and asked that he not use the nudism tie-in.

"I thought my disapproval of the idea would prevent the use of the pictures that way but it seems that a good many publishers will bend principles somewhat if circulation can be increased thereby. The quotations attributed to me were inventions straight from the mind of whoever prepared the article.

"The same statement regarding 'a bunch of Bohemians' is used in another magazine, where it was attributed not to me but to a 'spokesman for the Association'. I personally have too much sympathy with those I consider Bohemian and too little assurance of the word's meaning to others to use it in that way.

"I would be ashamed to own up to using such terrible grammar, let alone to betray such ignorance of nudist thinking. I hope I have convinced you that while there might have been indiscretion on my part there was definitely no wilful abuse of the honor associated with being queen of the ASA."

Diane's most recent professional assignments have been under water, swimming in U. S. Royal rubber bathing caps (and a conventional bathing suit). She has posed for color advertisements, newsreels and movies.

Her most recent nudist activities have been in her capacity as Entertainment Chairman of the Sundial Club. Diane took charge of the snack bar at the recent Second Annual Midwinter Invitational Volley Ball Tournament, held at the Will Hall gymnasium in San Pedro, Calif.

And there you have Marguerite Diane Empey Webber: a delightful study in variety—everybody's favorite pin-up and nudist queen simultaneously, self-assured in her career, and proud of her convictions as a nudist, 1957 model! ♦

LUPIN LODGE

(continued from page 34)

are no steep grades to make walking difficult and on a network of well-maintained roads one may drive to almost any part of the park.

After checking in at the directors' residence, the visitor may go on a few hundred feet beneath magnificent shade trees to the lodge building proper. This building contains a number of private bedrooms, a large sitting room, a dormitory, shower and toilet facilities, a dining room and a large well-equipped kitchen provided for the use of guests. Two large refrig-

erators and automatic washing machines are available for those who wish to use them.

From the lodge building a landscaped flagstone walk leads up a gentle grade to the lower swimming pool, one of three with which the Lodge is equipped. The pool has a sundeck, a shaded patio, a small children's playground, an area set aside and equipped for weight-lifting, shower facilities and an inviting wooded picnic ground. Behind the pool there are two badminton courts.

From the lower pool it is a walk



of a hundred feet or so to the huge recreation hall, one of the best and largest in the nudist world. The recreation hall is far enough up the canyon to give a magnificent view from the wide porch that runs down one side and across the end.

The recreation hall houses another large, well-equipped kitchen and the snack bar, ping-pong tables, a piano that is kept in tune, a high fidelity music system, toilet facilities, a screen for motion picture and slide showings and a large trophy case filled with evidence of Lupin Lodge's championship volley ball team. Here also is a piece of the jet airplane that flamed out over the mountains and crashed onto the Lodge property. (The pilot bailed out safely and narrowly missed becoming the first parachutist to land smack on the grounds of a nudist camp.

All of these features would be enough to equip a first class nudist resort, but for Lupin Lodge, it is quite literally only the beginning. Up the hill a short distance is a large trailer parking area and a terraced parking lot, where strings of cars can be parked on seven different levels. One-way roads lead on and off the parking lot.

Above the trailer village and parking lot are the volley ball courts. One very good one is used

largely for practice and the other, a paved championship-caliber court is used for the serious playing. And at Lupin Lodge volley ball is a very serious matter indeed. The speed and quality of the play here compare favorably with national championship volley ball. The main court boasts a net that doesn't sag, benches for players not active on the court and ample bleacher seating.

Behind the practice court a large fenced area has been equipped as a children's playground and above the volley ball courts are more swimming pools. One is for the use of children, ideal in size and with varying depths of water just as in the adults' pool. Next to the children's pool is a concrete box hockey court, a good place to find out how your reflexes are standing up under the inroads of time and French fried potatoes.

Beyond the children's pool is the 65-foot upper pool. This fine facility is "L"-shaped, with the offset shallow area reserved for parents who want to swim with their children. Situated well up in the canyon, the pool commands a sweeping view of the mountains. A large sunning deck with shaded and patio areas surrounds the pool and a new picnic ground has been built next to the pool for use this season. A

step away from the pool are hot and cold showers for bathers' use.

So much for one side of Lupin Lodge. Its resources are far from exhausted. By taking a different road from the lower area you would arrive in the Little Village, a beautifully wooded area wherein are the private cabins owned by Lupin Lodge members. The carefully-laid-out streets bear such names as "Rue Ile du Levant" (named for the famous Mediterranean nudist island).

And how is it living at the Lodge? Pretty much as you make it, since every facility is provided for your comfort and enjoyment, although at present meals are not offered on a regular basis. The snack bar is open week ends, but a regular meal schedule has yet to be established.

Lupin Lodge is the site for the 1957 annual convention of the American Sunbathing Association, the Lodge's bid for the convention having been personally seconded by the mayor and endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce of nearby San Jose, who have offered the city's large municipal auditorium for certain convention sessions that are to be open to the public.

The Lodge returned this compliment by making its large recreation hall available during the winter of 1956-1957 to local civic groups in the Los Gatos area who lacked an adequate meeting place. The Lodge hall is equipped with heaters that keep it comfortable on even the coldest of mid-California winter days.

Because of the quality of its accommodations and facilities, Lupin Lodge is somewhat higher in its prices than some other nudist resorts. The rates are still reasonable, however, and those who cannot enjoy the privileges of membership on a full schedule basis, may elect alternate plans at lower rates.

The address of the Lodge is Los Gatos Creek Road, Los Gatos, Calif. It is not necessary to have been a nudist previously to visit Lupin Lodge and if you have never been to a nudist park, it is a wonderful place for a first trial of this inviting way of living. Few parks offer such fine facilities. Just as it is a treat for conventioners this year, it can be a treat for you! ♦



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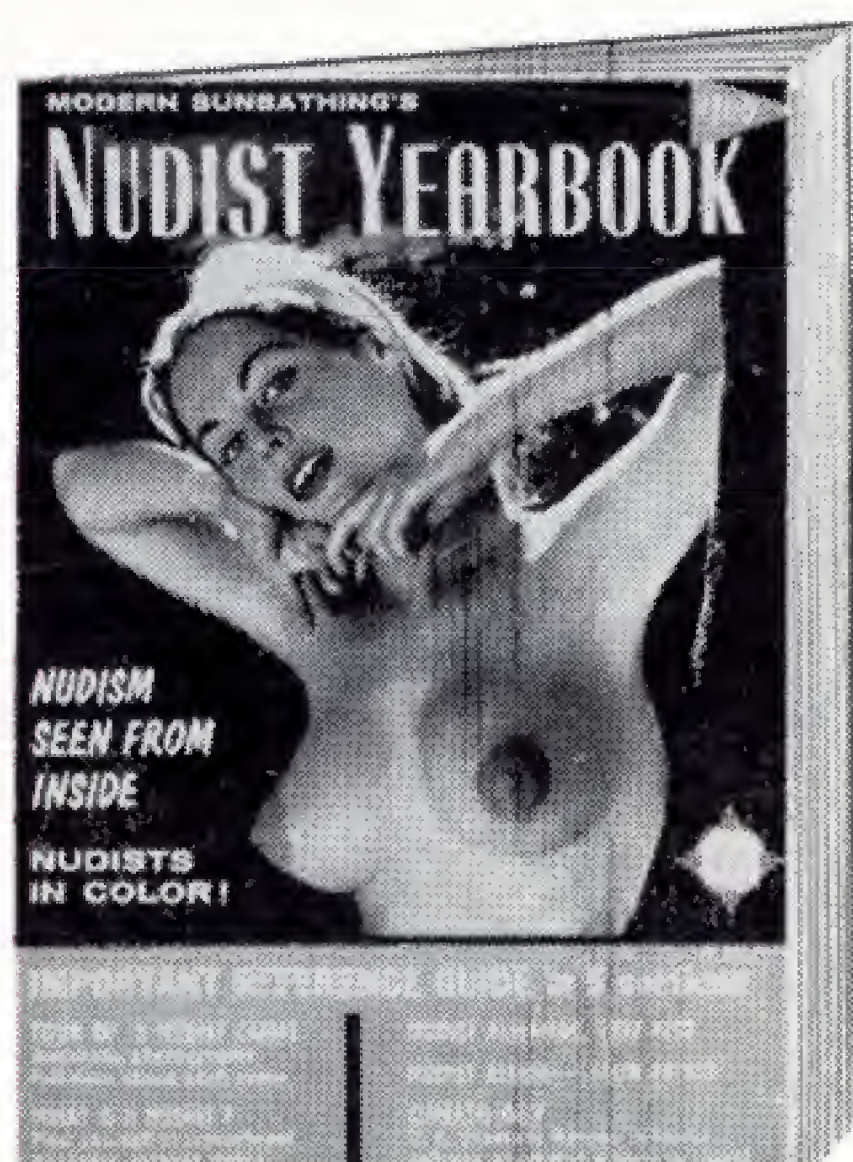
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